



"Learning old Dogges new Trickes is a thanklesse office."



Clefen, December 27th, 1668.

HERE be fewer truer sayings than that learning old Dogges new Trickes is a thanklesse office. Wherefore not having been bred a Scribe, and being now past the age of clerically schooling, I should not put pen to paper but that Captain Conquest's narration doth so laud me to sett it forth for Remembrance sake that I will even make tryall

however ill-digested and unscholarly these lines may prove in the reading.

Four days ago my lord of Buckingham returned from London, and calling me to his privie closet, bade me make ready three rooms, the one my lady of Shrewsbury used for my Lord Sandwich, the Venetian room for Mr. Samuel Pepys, and the room at the end of the gallery for Captain Conquest. Moreover, I was ordered to stock my larder with extraordinary cheer and bid the cook prepare a great gelatine with gely, and that pretty dish of calves' head enforced in a Surprise. And in glancing through my lady's room, after the mayds had tidied it, I too had a Surprise—to wit, finding in a drawer one of her ladyship's kissing-strings, once pink and fluttering and now faded and soiled and fit for nothing so well as to furnish forth a text for some Puritan psalm-singer.

At duske on Christmas Eve there was a great clatter, and my lord Sandwich's Coach came rolling up with Lamps alight and two Roaring Boys riding before and two behind, each with a pistol in his holster. And my lord did meet my lord Sandwich very brisk, albeit they have in past times had one or two fallings out. But Mr. Samuel Pepys, who had the finest scalloped coat that ever I saw, and who is a most proper gentleman and gave me an Angill for a Christmas Box, seemed downcast for that his wife dyed not many weeks ago. And last gat Captain Conquest from the Coach, having a rapier as fine as any of my lord's buckled about his galligaskins and a faint white Scar athwart the face.

Then after they had whiled away an hour at Billiards to take the stiffness from their legges, they supped quite merrie, save that Mr. Pepys continued somewhat glum, till my lord with a smile bade me fetch the lute my lady left last yeere, which he himself had freshly tuned! the morning, and they all fell upon Mr. Pepys with many oaths and protestations, beseeching him to sing "Beauty, retire!" which at long last he was prevailed



Mr. Pepys singing "Beauty, retire."

upon to do, touching the lute with a master's deftness in harmonious sweet as a memory of the gentle dais hygonne and with a dying fall at the end, that brought a lump in my throat as it were to think that much time was spent. So, after his singing was ended, they made much of Mr. Pepys, who indeed seemed a worthy gossip as ever broke a goose or sauced a capon, my lord in particular declaring it the beautifullest song he ever heard, and they had a cuppe of caudle scolding hot apiece by way of Night-Cap, and thereupon softly to bed.

Much of their converse at the great Christmasse feaste, he it confessed, was above my reach. Notwithstanding it made me right glad to see that the garbishing of the table gave them content, with its white Cloath, and bugle horns of double malted ale and two dozen Oysters fresh from the brine, with a Female Lemon in their midst before each plate. And at either end was a Bagon of canary-sack, and on the dresser the gelatine and a Landbeef boiled, and Mr. Pepys did notice the French silver forks and the Apostle spoons. Then the waiters served a White portage done in a casserole, and the rapes in it were the cause of much scatter-brained jesting; though later, when the cowcumber was served, flavored with sweet-tips and naked-ladies, my lord Sandwich did crack such flig-me-gally jokes as might have made a Tom-Cat hide's face. So, when they had eaten a Ragoo, they fell aboard their Christmasse turkey, stuffed with plums and trimmed with rosemary and hurel, drinking charet bumpers the while; in the midst whereof, without mincing matters, my lord bantered Captain Conquest, asking why, through all these mallevolent times, he had never felt a lust to marry.

Wistreat the Captain answered very gravely, "I have done with the whole giddy, gliding, gin-crack gang of them!" And despite they giggled him with malice and besought him to disclose why he was so scurrilous upon the pettycoats, yet for a long time he merely shook his head, as though to intimate it was a thing so partie'lar and privat as not to be broached; till at length my lord protested it should go no further, begging him to take compassion now their relish for the tale was whetted.



"Sweete Pansie Brighteyes."

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY

BY
WILLIAM
WALDORF
ASTOR.
THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, the greatest multi-millionaire land owner in America, has written a love story for Christmas. Somehow, people have never got into the idea of associating modern millionaire barons with such ideal occupations as literature and love. It is not a conventional love story of the "400" in New York or the high ranks of English society to which Mr. Astor expatriated himself some years ago. It is a story of the rough wild lives of the men in the time of Charles I. Curiously enough, Mr. Astor makes one of the waiters at the Christmas feast the mouthpiece for his romance. He listened to everything that he heard and then wrote it down on paper. An impassioned love story by the greatest collector of rents in America is decidedly an interesting novelty. This story was written for the current number of Mr. Astor's English magazine. "Clefen" is the name of Mr. Astor's estate near London.

So coming from the panther's closet to serve herring roes, be-devilled with mustard, which were to follow the story by way of stomach-closer, I found the Captain had begun his narrative, albeit with a sailor's customary hemming and hawing, and he was telling of Queen Henriette Marie's being in Holland, and how she sold the Crown Jewels to the Dutch, which matter set him cursing Buyter the Rotterdam Dogge, and the whole bleating flock of them, and he said:

"Those were tragical times, with Masters, with the Whyte King reduced to scurvy make-shifts, his munny sequestered, his plans miscarried, scarce one wise man at his Council Borde, every month as full of Surprises as the fifth act of a comedy, while the Rumpers, ever more and more cantankerous, came on apace, and it was nothing but alarms and ghastly scarecrows and fireballs and the Headman's Axe, all over England. In those days—twenty-eight yeeres syne come Candlemasse—I, with many other officers and servants, was with the Queen in Holland, where she raised two Million Pounds by sales amongst their High Mightinesses, and much of this having been sent to the King a part of the remainder was laid out in arms and martial stores wherewith we were presently to sayle for England to make a Diversion. And I was on the ship wherein the Queen sailed, which was commanded by Captain Hyde, the same, wist ye well, that at St. James' Place—when the Queen nicknamed the first of the levellers 'round-heads,' because of their cropp'd polls—offered to clip their Eares that stuck out from under their hats, whereto they were sore angered.

"Amongst the Queen's French damosels, was one whom by your leave I will call only Yolande. And the very first time I laid eyes upon her, I thought her as fayre a lase as ever was seen on the longest Summer day, and my harte went pit-a-pat, so that all of a sudden I knew what is meant by love at first sight. And the next thought that came into my noddle was that I would rather see her with a peddler's pack at her back than married to another. So as the dayes passed with occasional converse between us, and games and dances for all in the evening for Her Majesty's diversion, I once saw her dance 'les vieux sabots,' which is a merry fangling the fine French ladies copied from the Normandy fiddler gyles, and with the beating of their leathern heels and toes make a noise akin to the clang and clatter of the fish-wench's wooden shoon. And whilst Yolande wheeled and curtsied with quickened colour, the rattle of her heels beating melodious time with the surpassing sweet tinkle of the lute, she cast a glance at me with her soft brown eyes—and in that self-same instant I vowed within myself she should be my wife. The next evening as we were playing forfeits I wrote on a scrap of paper which the game caused me to put in her hand a saucy rhyme; then beheld I that she pondered the words, and straightway smote me to the harte with a swift, stealthy look—and the very next day Miss None-so-pretty and I were secretly betrothed. Soon after, we all embarked for England, Yolande being very afraid of the sea, but seeming somewhat hurtled by the talk of one of the Queen's Gentlemen, the Vicomte de Mallingre, an officer of the King's Mousquetaires and a mealy-mouthed pick-thank knave as ever went honey-mooning with the wench.

"Now you all know that on that voyage we were neere cast-away, the ship being in no small jeopardy,—the Queene alone of all the ladies preserving her courage, and seeming as fit to reizen over the storm toot waves as Queene Bess in the Ruff ever was, and lustily calling to the land-lubbers and to the fayre Monnets about her. A Queene of England was never yet drowned. Nevertheless she could nowise revive their courage, and the second day her women-folk being out of their wittes 'twixt sea-sickness and the feare of Davy Jones, some of them beside themselves to confess their misdeeds, did sett upon a certain Capuchin fryer, which was one of Her Majesty's Retinue, and had become so famous a favourite with high and low as to seem the Andromy-pigeon of all fryers. But he, being no little distraught with his own ailments, could scarce hold up 's head to listen to the fine dames that jostled and clamoured 'their Shines, entreating to be shirlven ere the ship sink. And 'twas a picture to raise a smile, even in that serious houre, as I passed by, to heere the galleys thus noisily unfolded.

"After many perils we reached Exeter, the Queene having commanded me to attend her thither and Yolande and I being pledged to wed ere a month. But this was not a little hindered by Her Majesty's illness due to the hardships she suffered at Plymouth, where all of us were exposed to fire, cold and starvation, and where under the very guns of the Enemy she went back, nothing daunted, to rescue her own hands a little Dogge which was the crustiest curmudgeon ever seen. So the Queene, saying, some said of a Rheum which racked her and was Chirurgical, or as others had it of a Black Jaundice and therefore Pharmaceutical, I know only that she looked wasted and cancer-eyed, which made her seem greatly aged. And her only state in these dayes that, alas, were no longer wreathed with Bays and Olives, was that she drank from a gold cuppe and wore her haire still neatly dressed in short thicke frizled curls, in the fashion she had sett, and which the Rumpers who never wearied railing upon her called tete de mouton.

"It came to passe one day that the Queene was like to dye in a Swoonde, and leaving the disorder of them which attended wher, one of whom, Father Phillips, rushed haggard and quite distraught from her bedside, I ventured to the Queene's Dore which stood open, and beheld Her Majesty, habited in a party-coloured gowne, lying upon a couch, the Capuchin fryer at her beads, and Yolande holding to her nostrils a vial of pungent

Essence. And the Queene, albeit not in payne, seemed at Death's Dore, and I stood agnast as one that knows not whether to remayne or to fly. Notwithstanding she suddenly plucked up courage to speak in the French tongue in words, wherof, after this lapse of yeeres, I can give but the general intention.

"Ma Belle Poule," she began (for so she called Yolande familiarly, let it be declared to the King if any here present shall see him, say on Earle, that with my last breath I pronounced the word which is a Token betwixt him and me of the pledge we have exchanged, speaking it for a Surety that I have nowise faltered in my duty or my love."

"And that word?" cried Yolande as the Queene gasped.

"That word," went on Her Majesty, with a sudden fyre leaping to her wistful Eyes, 'is REMEMBER."

"And yeeres after, when the Queene was safely escaped to France and the King stood upon the Scaffold, he breathed a final word to Bishop Juxon, and it makes my heart throb to this day to know that His Majesty's last utterance was—REMEMBER."

"Nevertheless, the Queene dyed not but suddenly mended apace, for the which the Capuchin fryer was more nightly cryed up than ever before; and some dayes thereafter having walked with Yolande for an houre's refreshment to the edge of the Towne, where the countryside was green and the hawthorn in blossom, I said to her,—Sweete Harte, lett us take Pattern after the example which Her Majesty's declaration hath illuminated, and likewise fix a word betwixt us for a Token of faith."

"And she looked at me askance, with a sower smile, and answered as I thought something tartly,—Remember."

"Ah—but these times were all at sixes and sevens and the King's cause gone to the Dogges that June and July 1644 more fatally than ever before. For ourselves, the Queene had been adjudged guilty of Treason, and a Parliamentary Army under Essex was approaching to scatter us to the winds. As there were not above two hundred of us at Exeter, and of these one-half women, servants and priests, it was Hobson's choice and we might count ourselves lucky to escape with a whole Skine. So you may readily perceive, Sirs, now that I come to the pinch in my historie, that those were not dayes for Bride-laces and Bride-Ale, wherefore in all my converse with Yolande we spoke no more of marriage save as of something that must be deferred till smoother seas. And I was well pleased in that by my desire she held no more Converse with that scaramouch Vicomte inasmuch that I rarely any more caught sight of his Judas-red and Stiletto-pointed beard. Until one night Her Majesty's Jester, Monsieur Joutroy as she called him, or Geoffrey Hudson, to give him his right name, which was the littlest Dwarfie I e'er beheld, being but three foot eight high, albeit twenty years old, came to me with a white bellam-beggar's face, more uneven than the scowling of any coupe-gorge, whispering as venomous as any Calimonce cat, 'Beware, my friend, how thou marry that wheedling Dutch-widow, unless thou be content to go halves!'

"Go halves, knave!" quoth I, with the blood suddenly tingling.

"Aye, that Bol-Amy of thine hath gotten Monsieur Mallingre to help with the Housewarming."

"Then I remembered that the Frenchman loved to heave a hot-shot at the Dwarfie, as to say, 'Commither, little go-by-the-ground!' or 'Stand still, Jack-o'-dandy, till I edugel the dust from thy jacket!' and I knew physicans agree that Dwarfies have a drop of Divyle's blood in their Spleen. Nevertheless Le Joutroy and I had ever been friendliwise, and for a moment I stood dazed, marvelling that such a cock-of-my-thumb should durst put a mortal affront upon a beef-pater like your servant, when as though divining my wish to wring his foolish, tame-geese necke, he drew close and said,—

"Suppose I called a wench a tipsy-baggage, and presently showed her to thee besotted in a brandy slumber, should I have spoken sooth or no?"

"Before I could move my dry lips to answer, he went on,—

"Bury me alive, if I do not show thee this night that which shall prove I am not the scurrilous liar thou wouldst faine have me."

"To make this shame-faced story brief, he led me softly behind a Cockle-stairs, whence we watched Yolande's dore till the gray of dawn—when it opened and Mallingre came stealthily out and tipped away."

The Captain swore a great oath, and brought his branny fist slam-bang down upon the table.

"Think upon it!" he cried, with passionate emotion: "I was no better than the bare-brained gad-about that falls enamoured of the first Buttered Bun he sees smirking by the road-side. I took Geoffrey Hudson by the arm and led him to my chamber. Shall I own the truth, Masters, and confesse the first thing I did there was to burst into a fit of sobbing? 'Twas but for an instant, and every man hath a tender place in his harte if thou thrust a knife into it. Then I said to the fool, who stood gnawing his lips and watching me,—

"I will fight him—I know a secret passado."

"He will not wait for thy passado," answered Geoffrey, "if thou run unuck to pick a quarrel. Such rufflers smite in the dark and from behind. Take a lesson from the Italian school, whose teacher was serpent-wise even as a jester, and who fed so long upon the bitter husks of life as to become at least keener witted than many an envious fool like me. Quoth he, Never molest thine Enemy, but to smite him to the death! Mark me. The day is breaking, and this evening at owl-light all is to be ready for Her Majesty's escape. I have lived in Cornwall, and know the countrie 'twixt here and there. The Queene, disguised, with one of her ladies, and an escort of two or three gentlemen, is to fly by a secret way, whilst the rest march at sundown a foot, or a-horse by the highway so that pursuit may be diverted from its chief Quarry. Her Majesty's being ill abed has made us tarry here too long. After dark Mallingre will ride to Pinhol to withdraw our piquet and to be assured no Enemy tread upon our Heeles. Lord Essex should not reach Exeter before noon to-morrow, which gives us a night's advance. You have but to follow to Pinhol, set upon the Vicomte, and plink him by hook or by crook, after which a Frenchman left thus in a ditch to fall into the Rumpers' hands is not likely to come to the scratch again."

Just as Harkaway the page, which is a haughty-stomaked horn-tossing lick-the-dibe, came in with two fresh logges to cast upon the fyre, and being but an Addle-pate, steep on the taylor of my lord's Hound which lay before the hearth, whereto the pore beeste yelped amain, and my lord sent a hearty curse at the lad, and my lord Sandwich laughed right heartily, and even I could scarce dissemble a smile, for it seemed as if my lord and his Dogge had let fly together.

So when matters were calmed down Mr. Pepys addressed the Captain mightily smooth, saying: "May I inquire, sir, the motive of the Dwarfie's enmity to Monsieur Mallingre, for that in your excellent recital is the only point not clear to my understanding?"

Whereto my lord of Buckingham, which was the silver fox of his day and knew more about sweete-harts and honeymoons than any one since Solomon, cried out, before the Captain could answer: "Can't not see, Master Pepys, the Jester was head and eares in love with the Hussle himself, and hankered after the Frenchman's blood!"

At which shrewd reply the Captain shook his head dubiously and resumed his narrative:

"In the late afternoon, having gotten my Rivets buckled on, I saw one people mustered—as motley a harlequinade of cavaliers, ladies, abbes, capuchins, souldiers, cooks, lacqueys, armourers, trying-maltes, and varlets as ever the sun shone upon. And when the last of them had marched I galloped by twy-light in search of the Vicomte. I found the piquet, ten men in all, which was to be our Rearguard, but he had ridden a bit raper. I trotted on in quest of him, with that same basket-handled rapier I wore here at my side, when from a copple behind me two shots rang out.

"I turned my horse, leaped the hedge, and there before me stood Geoffrey Hudson with a blunderbuss in his hands, and the Frenchman on the grass lying like a cast sheepe, with a musketoon in his grip and his head riddled. Le Joutroy was trembling with excitement, and gasped out that the Vicomte must have seen us hiding behind the Cocklestairs when he came from his night-courtsip, that evidently he had anticipated my coming to Pinhol, that the Dwarfie had followed him to his ambush, and had fired at the moment Mallingre raised his weapon to kill me."

"The night was followed by one of sharp alarms. Our piquet was surprised and cut in pieces. The Dwarfie mounted behind me, and we fetched a compass through the Woodes into the Towne. The Queene was ready disguised, and with her was a lady muffled from head to foot whom I took to be Yolande, for that she turned her back—as who should say, 'but upon thee, turn-spit; go keep thy father's Asses!'

"But it was now too late to make the escape Le Joutroy had planned. Essex's horse was behind the Towne, as well as before, and the rest of that night and all the next Day we spent in hiding, the Queene in the Cockloft of a sluttish cottage, her Cavalier, the Dwarfie and I lying amid some felled trees in the Wood. We had nothing to eat but a rasher of bacon apiece out of my saddle bag, and a draught of Adam's ale from the brook. The Queene fared no better, and was glad of a sodden ash cake of bread. All day the Roundheads trod along the road, and we heard their psalm-singing and the clink of their scurvy rhymes."

"Provisionally for us, they hasted on in pursuit of our main troop, and next morning the sun rose halecyon clear upon the peaceful meadows where the silverchins was in flower, and across the misty hedge-rows where the barley blods filled the ayre with song. I crept to the bankside, by the bending willows, and scanned the Towne and the distant hills crested with lusty



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pinies in green-ever age. No sight was there of an Enemy along those sequestered lanes, and gazing afar upon the motionless treetops I bethought me how often thereafter, on silent evenings, I should remember the brilliance of that transfigured daybreak, and how at even-light in yeeres to come whilst shadows leavened out and darkened I should watch the fyre-light cast fantastic alibouettes and muse upon the extinguishment of my brief-lived love.

"At that moment I heard a footfall behind me, and with my



"I saw her dance 'les vieux sabots.'"

thoughts instinctively upon Mallingre I wheeled about, clutching at my blade. It was Yolande—staring, footlame, bedraggled, dogge-weary—Oddsplittkins! how tragical a change from the merethful dayes when he danced les vieux sabots! Thinking I menaced her, she drew herself up and faced me, venomous and unpenitent. Then, as I raised my hatt, she said: "Where is he? Have you killed him?"

"No—but he is dead."

"She heard these words without emotion, gazing indifferently upon the river; then turning upon me with the swift, stately glance of old, unmarred, 'Good-bye!'

"I know not if she expected me to forgive her; but, seeing

(Continued on Page Thirty-one.)



"Tayle ends flying a-down the dene and back!"